

Club International

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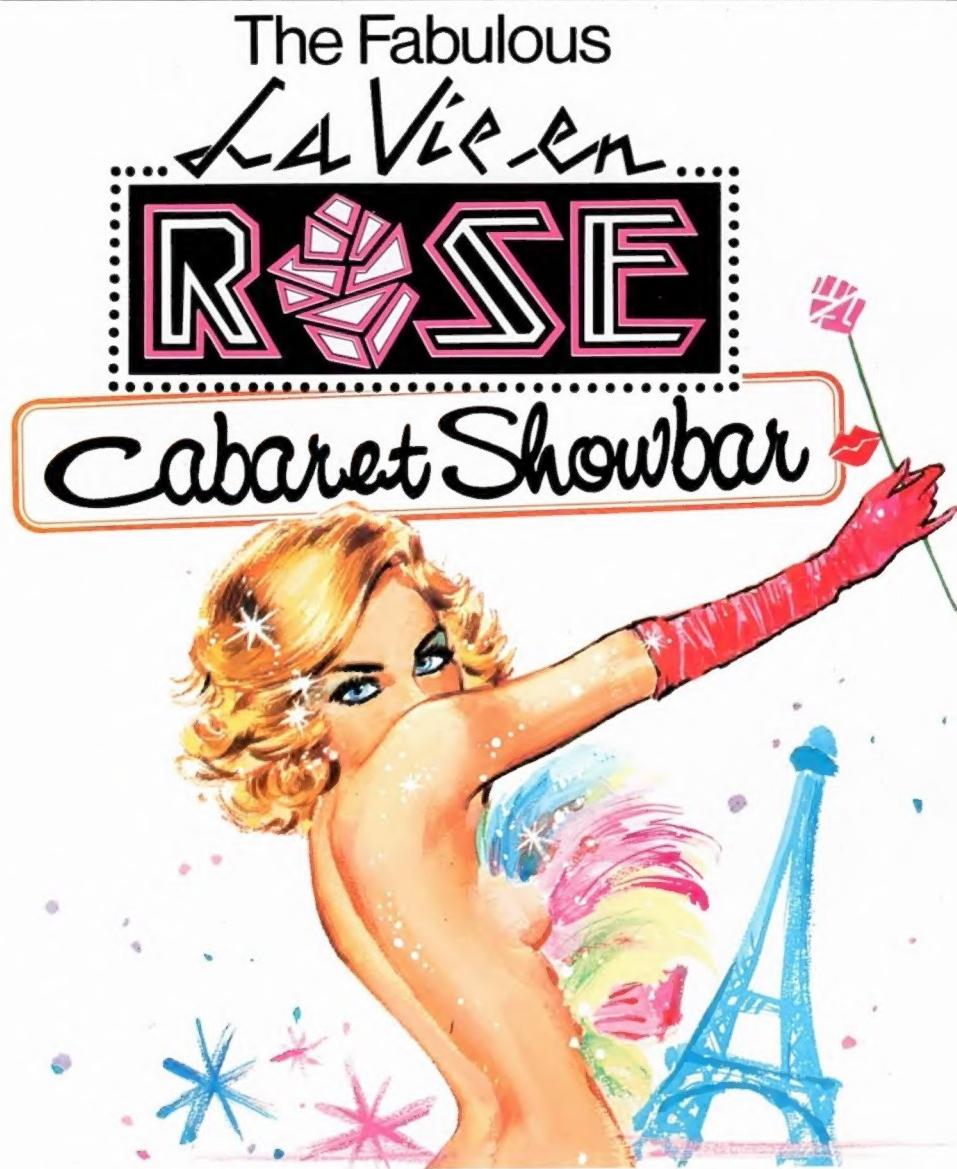
**NAKED
JELLY
WRESTLING
IN CREWE**

**SEXY
UNDIES
ON THE
CATWALK**

**CELEBRITY
MODEL
LINZI
DREW
WANTS TO
HEAR FROM
YOU!**

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**READERS'
WIVES
SECTION**





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READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Finding A Way

Sir: My favourite souvenir is a certain one of our excellent UK Ordnance Survey maps on the scale of 1:50000. Not to be mysterious about why this is so, I find that a glance at the few stains, small but unmistakable, on the printed side of the map, prompt a recollection that never fails to raise a lustful erection. As you may have guessed, the stains came about from coming.

It was a hot day in August a few years ago. My girlfriend and I had stolen a few hours from our respective jobs in stuffy City offices to drive just far enough into the country to find some privacy. With the aid of the map, we navigated the narrow lanes and, with difficulty, parked the car. In that over-populated Buckinghamshire countryside it seemed that there was a continuous stream of walkers, farm workers and picnickers, all intent on inhibiting our lovemaking.

Leaving the car we followed a track through woodland and soon found a place out of sight of all but the most persistent voyeur. As we stood kissing deeply, I rounded my hands over the gauzy white fabric of my girl's dress, which clung to her firm and luscious little arse. Staying like this, I raised her dress hem and slipped my hands down inside her pants, cupping her buttocks which contrasted coolly with the heat of the day. Slowly, I hooked her pants down far enough to slip one finger into her inner cunt lips, now hot, pulsing and oozing girl juice.

Urged by her hip thrusts, I increased the number of fingers to three, sliding in deeply and caressing her clit with my thumb.

'Oh God,' she breathed,

'can't we do it properly?'

I spread the versatile map on the forest floor and she sat her neat bum down on it and removed her shoes, tights and pants. Kneeling beside her I downed my trousers to my ankles and, just in case my prick needed any further encouragement, she took it lovingly in her mouth – something she had never fancied up until then – and gave me an exquisite sucking.

At last, I slid into her cunt, gently and firmly, her bum on the map, her heels pressing me in even harder as I held her head above the fallen leaves. Not many long thrusts later she started a series of gasps and whimpers that announced a succession of climaxes which continued until I could no longer hold back the most explosive and intense orgasm I had ever enjoyed.

Since then, we have had many beautiful fucks together, usually in more comfortable conditions but few were as memorable as that which caused the stains on the map.

Simon K, London.

Hole In One

Sir: After reading your mag for some time, my wife and I decided to indulge in a little kinky

sex fun of our own making.

I know of a gents loo on the outskirts of town which, of course, is next to the ladies loo. Some 'pervert' (not me I assure you), has contrived a spyhole from the gents to the ladies.

After a few drinks, early one evening, my wife and I visited the loo. She went in hers and a few minutes later I went in the gents. There was a guy in the loo. He was in his late forties or so and obviously a bit excited. He was in the cubicle, and as I entered the loo he pushed the door closed.

'Come on, mate,' I said. 'I want to go in there.'

He shuffled about a bit and half opened the door, his fingers to his lips. He whispered that there was a gorgeous bird next door.

'What is she doing?' I enquired innocently.

'I think she's getting changed,' he enthused.

'Let me see,' I said. He made way for me and, as planned, Pat had removed her jeans and T-shirt and had a black evening gown hanging on the door. She was just about to remove her bra. I surrendered my place to him. He was back at the spy-hole like a shot.

'Christ, she's stripped off completely,' he said and then

he produced his prick and started playing with himself. 'She's putting another frock on now,' he whispered.

'Let's see,' I said. Pat had put her discarded clothes in her bag and sat on the loo pretending to look at Club and gently squeezing her breasts through her gown.

He put his eye to the hole and he groaned and flogged harder at himself. I eyed his cock with misgiving – he was much better built than I – a good nine inches and very thick. I scribbled a note and pushed it through the wall.

'Wow, she's pulled her skirt up. I can see her cunt.' I pushed him to one side. Pat was facing the hole with her skirt pulled up stroking herself.



'She's inviting it.' As he bent to look I said: 'I'm going in there to her.' He grabbed my arm. 'Piss off, I saw her first,' he said and shot past me.

I looked through the hole. Pat was waiting by the door. Her smile evaporated when he entered instead of me. 'What do you want?' she said hesitantly. 'You know,' he said and, pushing her against the wall started kissing her roughly.

'Steady,' she breathed. 'You will rip my dress.' She slipped the dress from her shoulders exposing her breasts. He groaned and buried his head between them. As his mouth worked at her breasts his hands were hastily pushing her dress over her hips. I watched as it fell around her ankles.

Stepping back he surveyed her nudity. 'You're fucking gorgeous,' he growled. She cupped her breasts and panted at him playing the game for my benefit.

He unfastened his belt. He wore no underpants and his prick stood out throbbing rampant. Pat's eyes opened wide as she became aware of his





hugeness. He moved towards her, grasping a breast in each hand, pressing and twisting, his tongue forcing its way into her mouth. His prick thrust between her thighs.

He mauled at her for about five minutes before he again stood back a little, his hands on her hips. Pat's eyes were closed and her breasts red from his treatment of her, her nipples erect and hard.

'Backwards or forwards?' he grunted. Pat opened her legs for him. Her hands went to his shoulders. He used his hands to position himself. I could not see his prick enter her, but I knew it from the long moan that escaped her lips. The moan continued and grew in volume as he ground her against the wall, his arse moving rhythmically backwards and forwards.

His hands went round her thighs pulling her on. Soon her legs were around his waist as he plunged in and out of her. His head was buried in her neck. Her head rolled from side to side and she cried out as she climaxed mightily. Her legs dropped from his back as he held her pinned against the wall.

She whimpered as he thudded into her. He pushed her whole body upwards as, standing on his toes, he shot his load deep inside her. She slid down the wall and he stood over her squeezing his last drops onto her body.

He wiped his prick on her hair. As he did so he looked at the wall and said: 'I know she's your wife, mate. I saw you arrive. See if she wants to come back next Friday!'

John S, Guildford

Singapore Girl

Sir: No girls in the world turn me on like those orientals. They're the ultimate in sexiness with their slanted dark eyes, beautiful, full-lipped little mouths and soft, silky, pale bodies.

Fortunately for me, I have to travel to that part of the world quite often for my job and I never pass up a chance to get my rocks off with one of those slinky sexy creatures. Those girls know how to really please a chap and every one seems better than the last. Nothing in the west can beat them. And last time I was in Singapore I got it together with a really sensational bird.

After I'd chosen her at the brothel she led me up to a room where she slowly undressed me, caressing every part of my body. I had a raging hard-on, my balls were aching and I was dying to fuck her there and then, but she managed to lead me into another room where there was a Jacuzzi.

She motioned to me to get in the Jacuzzi, and from the swirl-

ing water I watched as she let her silk gown drop to the floor revealing a long satin back and firm fleshy thighs. She turned and I saw her delicate, upturned breasts with the darkest, almost plum coloured, areolae crowning the peaks. Her mound of pubic hair was black and tidy.

She came and got in the Jacuzzi with me and put her arms round my neck and kissed me very gently. I held her close to me, gripping her tightly, revelling in the feeling of her small body yielding to my strength. Under the water my pulsing prick nudged at her thighs and tried to get between them.

After a while we got out of the Jacuzzi and she lay me on a wooden table. She then rubbed scented oil all over my body, pressing firmly on my flesh which tingled all over. She kneaded at my thighs and the lower part of my stomach until I guided her hand to the place which I wanted her to touch.

I felt my sap rising powerfully as her long perfect fingers circled my bulging rod and slid up and down, mixing the oil with drops of my spunk which had unconsciously escaped. I had to put it up her before it was too late. I didn't want to miss the chance of shooting my seed up the fur-covered hole between her legs.

She lay down beneath me obediently, and I lowered myself on top of her. The oil had made me as slippery as an eel but my pole soon slid into the moist target. Instead of keeping them apart, once I'd entered, she closed her thighs around the lower part of my cock and balls and undulated below me. I sucked and handled her perfect little tits and she responded with soft, high pitched moans and speeded up the

thrusts of her rounded hips.

Then I rammed hard into her, forcing her legs apart so I could penetrate deeper. Her hands gripped my buttocks and pressed me harder into her. Finally I let my jism jet into her, stream after stream, forcing it higher up with each jab of my prick. As my energy subsided so did my hardness and eventually I plopped out of her, limp and satisfied.

I paid her well when I left and hoped I would be able to see her again during my stay there, but unfortunately I was too busy and had to come back to England without seeing her or any other oriental maiden. But hopefully I'll be going there again soon and I'll be able to stock up on sex to see me through another length of time back here.

Stuart, Oxford

A Friend Indeed

Sir: I share a flat with a friend, Mike, who is very outgoing. I'm much more retiring than he is. He is constantly bringing friends back, especially girls, for nights of revelry. He also complains about my lack of energy when it comes to getting girls back to the flat, saying that one day he'll have to do something about it. And that's exactly what he did recently — much to my pleasure, as it turned out.

One Saturday I came home and found two girls sitting on the sofa. I presumed they were two of Mike's friends and that he was somewhere about in the flat. I said hello to them and sat down in front of them and started making conversation. As we sat and chatted one of them parted her legs. She had no knickers on and I got a real bird's-eye view of her soft, curly, blonde pubes and pink slit. I didn't dare look too closely again as the one glimpse had already given me a hard on which I had to cross my legs to hide.

Then the other one got up and came over to me and put her arms round my neck and covered my face with her more than ample breasts. I tried to say: 'What's going on?', but my voice just came out all muffled. I felt a pair of hands pulling at my flies and my stiff cock spring out from my pulled back Y-fronts. I tried to move, but a pair of lips circled round my knob and the tongue swirled back and forth over my knob end.

By this stage, I decided I





READERS' WRITERS

might as well lie back and enjoy it as I knew that with this treatment I'd be shooting my load before long anyway. The girl dealing with my top half pulled up her T-shirt and let her fleshy tits loose. She had enormous, dark nipples and her cleavage looked like a bottomless gorge when she squeezed them together and offered them to my mouth. Actually it was more like force feeding, but I wasn't going to resist the offer. I put my hands up to fondle the nipple which I wasn't sucking and biting on. It was absolute bliss.

Down below, the blonde girl was tugging to pull down my jeans and I lifted my arse to oblige. She pulled them down, running her nails down the inside of my thighs, still sucking on my gorged cock. Every time she felt that I was about to spurt she'd ease off and then start again. It was almost like torture, but I managed not to explode.

Then they got me onto the floor on my back with my cock sticking out from my body like a cucumber. The big breasted one kissed me on the lips and rubbed her tits round my head while the other one positioned herself on top of me, grabbed hold of my cock and impaled herself on me. She began to grind her hips around so fast that I literally felt like she was screwing herself on to me, deeper and deeper.

I'm not too much out of practice sexually, so I managed to hold out in spite of this vigorous physical treatment, but when they both started

talking dirty I just couldn't contain myself any more. I came and came, flooding her tight hot cunt with lashings of cum until I couldn't force out another drop.

I don't know where Mike had been lurking while all this was going on, but he suddenly appeared in the room and said, 'See, you can be quite friendly when you try.' I could have killed him, but after all, what are friends for? Later he told me that the two girls were friends of his from way back who had a reputation for being good sports – and they certainly lived up to it.

Daniel, Yorkshire

National Stealth

Sir: Two friends of mine, who are sisters, and I recently went to visit their mother in hospital. They had been every day and during their visits had got to know the guy who operates the switchboard for the hospital. So after seeing the mother, they suggested we go up and have a chat with him.

When we were up there it came out in the conversation that he was into wearing ladies' underwear. We all giggled and asked him what his live-in girlfriend thought about it, if she knew at all that was. He said she didn't mind at all, as long as he only wore them while he was doing the ironing in another room from her and didn't put it on while they were in bed together making love.

We were all fascinated and we laughed but he seemed totally uninhibited about it, and then told us that as a matter of

fact he had a pair of ladies' knickers on under his trousers at the moment. We didn't know whether to believe him or not, so we egged him on to show us.

He then offered us a cup of tea, we agreed, so he went off to make it. When he came back into the room we couldn't believe our eyes. I was sitting with my back to the door and when I turned my head I could see an erect penis sticking out from under the leg of a pair of black camiknickers. Also he was wearing a pair of maroon high heeled shoes and carrying a tray with our cups of tea on it. There was a drop of spunk hanging at the tip and none of us knew quite where to look.

We were all led on by his behaviour, as we all sat there drinking the tea. He was acting as though everything was perfectly normal. We started asking him intimate questions about sex which led on to asking him what his fantasy was. He said we could make it come true as he'd always wanted to masturbate in ladies' underwear in front of a redhead, a blonde and a brunette.

We urged him on, saying that it was OK by us if he'd got the guts. And, in spite of all the lights flashing on the switchboard, he lay down on the floor between us and started wanking himself off.

We all stared in silence as he worked away at his prick. The only sound was the faint slopping noise as his hand moved faster and faster up and down the stiff shaft, rubbing the moisture all over it. Then he started to grunt and groan. None of us dared to look at each other as he came nearer and nearer to orgasm – we just watched. His moans got louder and louder as he saw us looking at him writhing on the floor. It seemed like ages before eventually his hips lifted off the floor rhythmically and the creamy cum oozed out of the small hole at the tip of his prick into a white viscous pool on his stomach.

None of us girls dared to speak until he did and after he'd recovered he asked us if we'd do the same, but none of us would. He told us that we were a bunch of cowards, but that he didn't mind as he'd enjoyed himself anyway. It was quite late by this time, so we said we'd better leave. He asked us to go and see him again but so far we haven't dared.

Lisa, London

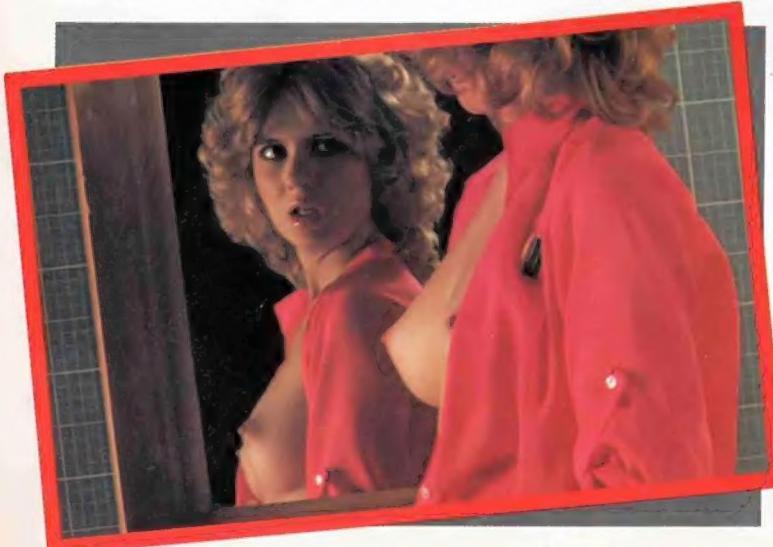


DEBRA

'Just a hardworking office girl (all right, an opinionated office girl!) from Croydon, with a few 'shoots' to my credit. I live with my Mum and Dad. I've got a regular boyfriend, and I wear a 34-B cup – usually with a Janet Reger G-string.'

ON THE GLAMOUR BUSINESS: "Funnily enough I quite like the finished product. In particular, I enjoy watching my boyfriend's reaction to girlie pictures and frankly I can't wait for him to see my Club set. But there's something, you know, tacky about sex exploitation, and I reckon if some photographers spent more time taking photographs and less trying to screw the models (no I'm not having a dig!), they'd produce better work and therefore make more money."

ON HARDCORE MOD-ELS: "I could never do it – unless I was 'modelling' with a guy I liked very, very much. There's a lot of rubbish talked about girls being 'coerced' into hardcore – all the way to Copenhagen, for God's sake! No, they're exhibitionists, into it (a) for the pleasure and (b) the money!"



OTalk

JESSICA



She's a 23-year-old with the figure of a fashion model and the looks of a film star. That's Jessica, a 34-24-34 hairdressing salon manageress from Bournemouth. How, we wondered, did she react to photographer Kane's request to anoint her gorgeous body with oil? "Oh, that's nothing new," she boldly replied. "In fact it's one of my boyfriend's favourite kinks - covering me in Baby Oil and screwing me in the bath. It's ever so sexy." And what other, er, unconventional activities

arouse this lovely lady's libido? "I'm a shocking tease," Jessy frankly confesses. "For example, I get a real kick from standing on the station platform in the mornings on my way to work, wearing a really short, skin tight skirt - you know, so tight the guys can see the cut of my panties. I love attracting stares, and if I go to a party I'm always outrageously flirty." An oil-covered flirt? Jessy's boyfriend had better make sure she doesn't slip right out of his grasp!

MADELEINE



Now THIS is a glamour model! 24-year-old Madeleine comes equipped with the sort of physique that would be complemented to perfection by a leopard skin bikini, a polar bear rug, and maybe a convertible '57 Chevy in the background. Her stunning 38-24-34 is pure 1950's nostalgia whatever way you look at it (come out of there, Nigel!) and, allowing for a 25 year time warp, Maddy could more than hold her own with the likes of Kim Novak, Mamie Van Doren or just about any of the Harrison Marks stable. Why oh why don't they make 'em like this any more?

BOYFRIENDS: "There's an unwritten code that it's 'not nice' for a girl to, um, go out with more than one guy a night. I've always thought that was a bit Puritan, but then again, who



ANNA

An absolutely adorable 34-22-32, this 20-year-old bio-physics student from Leicester is, intellectually, a cut above yer average glamour gal - which in turn means she's bright enough to know that, if you want to get on in this world, you can't go turning down lucrative work offers from the likes of Club - who are most definitely not interested in Anna's Mensa rating! She admits to being "very

partial" to sex, foreplay in particular. "I like to dress, not un-dress, for sex," she explains, tantalisingly. "Nothing too outrageous - no gas masks! No, just the old favourites. Right now I'm into Baby Doll nighties, which I wear with Rose Lewis suspender belts, Dior stockings and, if I'm feeling especially naughty, some wickedly 'fetishey' black patent winkle-pickers. And lots and lots of tarty red lipstick." Mmmm, I wonder what she's doing on Friday night . . .

needs THAT sort of reputation?"

FAVOURITE POSITION: "Well, my boyfriends seem to enjoy doing it in the 'all-fours' position best of all, so I suppose that's good enough for me. Mind you, I often wonder what they're looking at back there!"

CHARLEY

Measuring-in at 36-24-36, Charley's blessed with a typical cheesecake (remember that word, you oldsters?) figure. Add to that a paradoxically innocent face, and you've got a winning combination spelt R-A-U-N-C-H! It's tempting to gild the lily further by describing Charley as a "trainee manicurist from Reigate" or some such, but let's not delude ourselves this beauty's in ANY way accessible, chaps! No, this stunning product (whoops, a sexism!) of Frensham, Surrey, is already fully involved in the wicked world of "glamour", with a few spicy video appearances to her credit. Like all top models, Charley's smart enough

to know her looks aren't going to last forever. Indeed, the smashing set on page 86 can only boost her career interests further still.

LIKES: "Men, men, men! My only requirement is that they be bright, on the slim side, with a good sense of humour. If only I had the time for more!"

DISLIKES: "The symbols: fast cars, designer clothes . . . Oh - and men who carry handbags!"























VENICE-SIMPSON ORIENT-EXPRESS

A Cherry For The Sheikh

By Ed Lancaster. Illustration by Vincent Wakerley

Brian Calthrop took his bowler off the hatstand, shoved it on his head, rubbed the sleep from his eyes and looked at himself in the glass. He looked a right berk. It didn't go. The ginger hair curling out all ways under the brim, the dark red beard jutting. It was like someone had done the Navy Cut sailor up in civvies.

He speared the hat back on its hook, crown first. There was a sad tearing sound. Fucking bowler hat!

'Bri . . . aaaaaan!'

Before he could stop himself he was bundling up the stairs, brolly, briefcase and all. Reporting for duty.

Wife Thelma lay beached in her pink room. Deep in satin pillows, her big, floppy breasts spilling out of a pink nightie like two more cushions. Scattertits, thought Brian.

'Yes dear,' he said.

'Brian, don't forget to take the clock to

town for cleaning. It's our anniversary next week, and it was daddy's present and it was expensive and he is coming to dinner and it must . . .'

She had her legs bent and parted under the pink sheet. Cloe, the peek, nuzzled in her crotch like an extra set of scented pubes. The stink of the place. Brian wanted to get out. The teasmade was pumping boiling water over the finest Assam tea, but the fragrance would never make it through the rank whiff of whatever oil daddy brought back from the gulf, by the gallon.

Fuck daddy. Now he had to lug the big old clock with the little men hammering on the front and the strings to make it play tunes, down to Whyteleafe station. And it must weigh a hundredweight.

'I'm taking the car!'

'No Brian, I need it. How will I get to Lorna's?'

SHE WAS TINY AND LITHE AND BROWN. HER SMALL BREASTS JUTTING ARROGANTLY FROM HER BLOUSE

'Walk! I'm off. Don't want to be late. Daddy wouldn't like it. I do work for daddy you know.'

'Daddy's in Dubai.'

Brian slammed the door.

Brian sat on the train with the lump of clock on his lap in a fury. Working for daddy in a bowler hat. He should never have left the service. Thelma couldn't stand the life. So what? The best mob in the world, the excitement they'd had in the Falklands. Everyone wanted to join the Special Boat Section and he'd quit for a fat salary at Mid East Investments (Dubai) Ltd. Under Sir William bloody Bartlett. And there never had been a real job. It was just a pension to keep Thelma happy. He was a kept animal. A stud in a bowler hat. Rotting. Fuck Thelma. No, he couldn't do that any more either.

He was juggling the clock through the revolving doors of the office as the girl was coming out. She was tiny and lithe and brown. Her small breasts jutting arrogantly from her blouse, her hips straining the tight stretch jeans and her obvious mound butting to bust her zip fly. Long straight black hair swung round her shoulders, her lips pouted soft and dark as though she'd been eating blackberries. But it was the eyes that did for Brian.

They were liquid brown, frightened and sparkling with tears. The eyes said help. The lips said help too, silently through the glass. And Brian was all at once on her

side. Her champion.

There are plenty of sad eyes around in London and plenty of lips that seem to say help. If you're wise you ignore them. Usually Brian ignored them. But not these eyes. He went round with the door and swung out on the street behind her.

She walked arm in arm with two big men. They might have been affectionate uncles but for the rigidity of their march, the pressure they put on her arms. Ahead, walking very fast was a balding Indian gentleman. Expensively dressed, overhung with gold. A rich man certainly. A nervous rich man.

Excitement

They turned into a leather goods shop. Through the window he saw them buying trunks and cases. Brian walked in, seemed to stumble and barged one of the big men in the back with the clock. The man was round in a flash, half-crouched, hands in fists.

Brian felt excitement run through him. He apologised profusely. Standing close against the girl. He apologised still more, felt her hand sneak into his pocket and left with a briefcase he didn't want.

He went straight to Asprey's. As the manager examined the clock he looked at her visiting card. There was a message on the back: 'Help. Orient Express. Sunday'. The name was Monique Shastri.

He sold the clock. It was very antique. It raised £25,000.

'Cash or cheque Sir?'

'Cash!'

Brian didn't go to the office. He bought luggage and the sort of clothes he used to wear. Silk suits, silk shirts, silk pants. And he booked a ticket to Venice, on the Orient Express, for Sunday.

It was around eight, in the French pub, that the doubts set in. Just the time he would usually creep into the over-scented lounge to join Thelma in front of the TV. He'd made his life hell for what? A schoolgirl game probably. He knew nothing for certain. Better find out.

The address was a big rather seedy mansion block in Kensington. Every window was dark. He walked around it once and suddenly he found the little Indian in front of him.

'Excuse me, Mr Shastri?'

The man cringed against the wall. 'You've got what you want,' he shouted. Then pushed past Brian and ran, his gold chains clinking in the dark. The danger buzz came back. Brian ran up the steps and in. There

was a porter on the desk.

'Which floor does Mr Shastri live on?'

'All of 'em mate. Twenty-four flats, 168 rooms and no one here but him, his daughter, his gorillas and the occasional bunch of desert trash with tea-towels on their heads that come to stay. They come over here...'

A lift gate crashed open. Brian turned to see a tall blonde in tight white wiggle towards the doors. He took out a twenty pound note.

'I want to leave a message for Monique Shastri.'

The porter's eyes slid away. 'Scarper mate,' he said out of the corner of his mouth. For the good of your health.'

The blonde was waiting at the door. She took his arm as he joined her.

'You want Monique love? You look as if you could do with someone a bit more, well... meaty.'

'Like you?'

'Like you too,' she said and giggled.

'Monique's in trouble?'

'No. She'd like to be. She's been trying to get knocked up all year. Last time it was a boy with a cockatoo haircut and braces on his teeth. She's down to be Mrs Sheikh something or other and she'd do anything to lose her cherry and get out of it. But this Sheikh owns little Shagstri. He's going crazy. Got him so zizzed up he can't get a hard on.'

'You?'

'Massage love, raise the bits other girls cannot raise. Not tonight though. Good masseuse I am. Fancy a bit?'

Brian looked into her freckled face. She was tall and bold and honest.

'Tell me about Monique.'

'Well, Shagstri's shit scared of the Sheikh and he knows she'll get herself laid sooner or later and blow everything. So he's sending her off to him on Sunday, a year early. On the posh train, so's she'll see what it means to be very very rich. He's a shit.'

Saturday they spent in bed. Except for one hour. In that time Brian had himself shaved, had his hair cut and went to the office where he relieved the safe of a great many dollar bills. Expensive train the Orient Express.

Golden Arrow

Eleven thirty, Sunday morning, Victoria Station. Brian had his cases checked into the baggage car and walked the length of the Orient Express. Amid the echoing rattle of trolleys, the diesel fumes and the rush of people it looked like a dinosaur. Out of date: the shine of Golden Arrow livery, the high white wheels, the gleaming wood and brass inside. Out of its time.

The girl had not arrived. Inside the carriages, their twenties elegance refurbished to catch the dollars of the eighties, the passengers too looked out of place. Fat and ugly. Like spuds on a magnolia tree.

11.43 and still no girl. Then a rush of attendants in Sergeant Pepper uniforms. She was lifted out of her wheelchair and into the restaurant car. The two uncles close beside her. She was asleep, mouth open. A



'Cough again.'

Continued on page 42

"I thought they were joking when they asked me to take a computer test to find my perfect partner..."

'Me? Meet someone through a computer? I meet people at work, through friends... I thought. But did I?

How many new people had I met in the last year? Very few... and those weren't in any way special. Dateline said if I completed their **Free Matching Test**, their computer would search through the personality profiles of tens of thousands of other Dateline members to find someone who was right for me. Then if I wanted, the Dateline computer would run for one year to introduce me to as many

people as I would like to meet. Many would be living in my area; people with whom I'd have a lot in common... someone my own age... who liked the same things I liked... to go to the places I wanted to go... had similar interests. Someone who I'd really like to meet... who would would like to meet me. And they did!

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Clothes-conscious | <input type="checkbox"/> Intellectual |

3. Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

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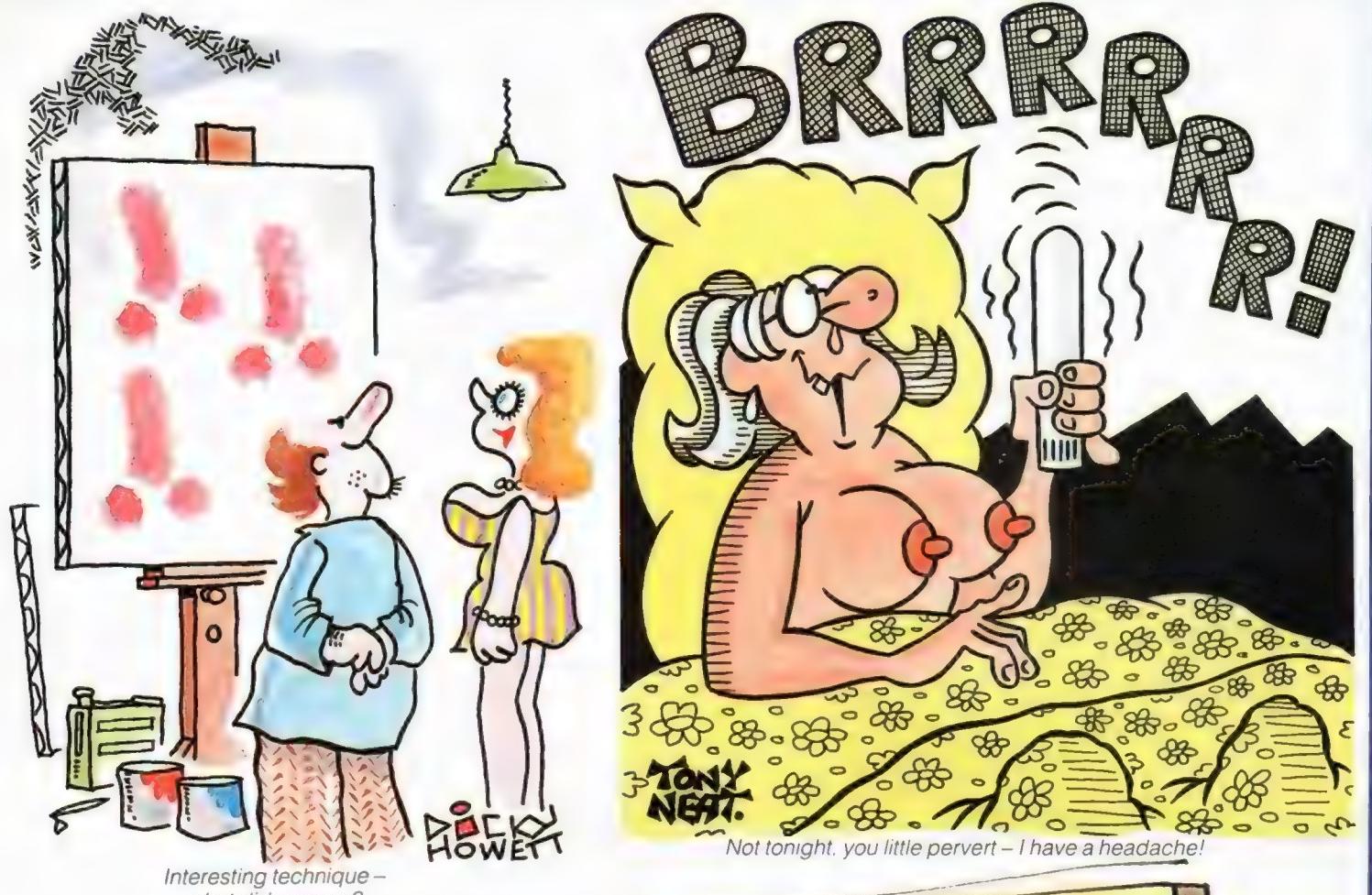
Let me take your things, madam



My daughter tells me
that you're a sex maniac



John – how much do you love me?



LIFE WITH

Lime





LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in Britain, writes exclusively in *Club International* about her sexploits in front of and behind the camera lens. And Linzi says she can't wait to hear from you . . .

Hi, I'm Linzi! The editor has asked me to write and let you know what I've been up to and with whom, every month – and just in case you don't recognize the name, he who must be obeyed thought it prudent for me to do some more posing just for you!

I'm 24, originate from Bristol – and mine are 36's. Let me get that one in first. I've been modelling for almost five years, and during this period I have been pictured in *Club International* and all the other men's magazines probably more than anyone else.

I share a flat with another model, also called Lindsay (this one's male. That I'm sure of. A very big boy!). I have two cute little Yorkshire terrier pups – a boy and girl, of course. Junior, the boy, is always so excited, especially now as Baby, the girl, is due on heat. He's not quite sure what to do yet, except mount my arm and 'bonk' it furiously. I have to lie in bed as if I were in a strait-jacket, to protect myself.

The question I have been most asked (I said question not proposition!), is how I came into the modelling business. I worked as a barmaid at Bristol Titty Football Club (they were in the 1st division at one time). They had this great idea to get 12

girls to be cheerleaders, all frilly knickers and high kicks. Well, I was recruited to be one of these 12, and from there a local photographer shot me for the national papers. And that was it, I was in the modelling game.

The first completely nude pictures I ever did were for a photographer in Fulham. I was so nervous that I drove there swigging Babychams galore at every red traffic light, just to relax me. Nowadays I love it (being photographed I mean!). I think if you've got it, flaunt it!

French Models

My first overseas job was with a French photographer, and five French models, working for a French magazine. Most of them could speak English, but didn't bother. It was soooooo boring. I read four books in a week. I was pissed off rather than put off by their attitude. It was all so posey. Two of the models were butch and beautiful and loved to lie on the beach oiling each other all day and getting the most gorgeous tans. The other two were 'comme ci comme ça', and spent all their time trying to lay the photographer – and the fifth one laid anything in trousers that moved, provided it had a genuine dicky!

I kept to myself when I wasn't being photographed, just joining

them for our evening meal in town. We were working just outside Bridgetown, Barbados. After dinner one night, a gorgeous hunk of English-speaking Barbadian asked us all to go on the 'Jolly Roger', an old-fashioned imitation pirate galleon, which sails or is driven by engine power, up the Caribbean coast of the island, on the smooth side.

I told this lovely hunk that I didn't mind being 'jolly well rogered', but I didn't want it to turn into a gang bang, not even if his cousin John Thomas came too! The French girls smiled nervously, but obviously didn't understand. An old Barbadian on board, black as the ace of spades, pointed to one of the French lezzies and said: 'I want you . . . Jolly Roger . . . bang, bang, ça soir, Mademoiselle!'

It gave her a nasty turn. She screamed, turned on her heels, grabbing her 'friend' by the wrist, and jumped into the photographer's car. He was mad as hell, because he had to stay with them, and when he went, the two birds he was knocking off went too, leaving just the biggest nymphet of the lot, and ME!

Jolly Roger

Well, they give you rum before they 'roger' you on the 'Jolly Roger'. But not everybody gets 'rogered', some just like to observe. My French colleague got fixed up very quickly.

'Ere, luv,' said a bearded Londoner in the below decks bar, smacking his weapon into her hands, 'Cop 'old o' this'.



Photographs by Paul Diamond

LIFE WITH Linzi

'Mon Dieu!' screamed Suzette.

'No, luv, Eric. I'm from Wandsworth like...'

'Sheet!' screamed Suzette, in angry passion as we all laughed.

'No, luv,' said Eric. 'Ain't got the bleedin' time. Bar closes in 15 minutes.'

Weak with laughter I followed Muscles upstairs, as Eric was telling Suzette: 'Open your legs like a good gel and fink of Frogland...'

Not that she needed any urging.

I was suddenly very happy, and for the first time on the trip, beginning to enjoy myself.

Keith, alias Mr Muscles, took me to his flat overlooking Bridgetown harbour, after everybody else had left the boat. It took all of five seconds for my silk dress to flutter down to my ankles. I never bother with knickers (although I adore silk ones, but that's another story). I'd never had a black lover before, so my eyes were riveted on his firm black body as he undressed.

Yes, it's true what they say about black guys – they're all well hung, and Keith was no exception. Slowly we started to caress. I just couldn't keep my hands off his beautiful cock – and it was all mine for the night. And what a night! He had me in every position you can imagine (and ones you can't). On the piano, hanging out the window, even on the kitchen sink!

When the sun came up, we went to the beach for an early morning swim. The warm sea felt delicious, and seemed to get Muscles excited all over again. Well, you can't get

enough of a good thing, you know. But you've also got to be on the lookout for those early morning tourists who are a little surprised to see two people cavorting on the sand dunes. Luckily, we had a good time without being disturbed!

Much more recently, I had an experience with another black guy, this time a Nigerian. I had a small part in a heavy political Nigerian film. Myself, and a close model friend, Marie, were playing two call-girls. I had to start to seduce this Nigerian official, while Marie photographed his secret documents.

It was a very straight film, and I just had to remove his shirt, maybe just letting a boob fall out slightly. I had to be sitting astride him, pinning him down and obscuring his view of Marie. Unfortunately, he had this enormous hard-on, making it stand up like a tent pole in his trousers. Well, with a film, as you probably know, they shoot

things several times, so it was OK whilst I sat there, but every time I got off everybody fell about laughing. He had to dis-

continued on page 64





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club Catwalk

We invited Tom Gilbey, one of London's top fashion designers, to create something very special for Nadine to model on the Club Catwalk. And before you could drop a stitch, Tom came up with these stunning, military mess-style suits designed and handmade in his Sackville Street 'workshop'.

Nadine's outfit is in barathea and costs £450 plus vat – but your lady can choose her own material according to what feels good against her skin.

If you fancy cutting a fine dash in the male version, worn in our pictures by Nadine's escort, Reggie, then nip along to number 36 Sackville Street where Tom Gilbey will fix you up for around £650 plus vat.

Nadine's sensuous underwear – checked waspy and bra, cami-knicker, corsette and stockings – is by Night Owls, 78 Fulham Road, London.



The Designer

Since presenting his first couture collection in 1968, Tom Gilbey has been acknowledged as a leading light in the international fashion scene from Paris to Tokyo. He has designed for the famous (i.e. Elton John), and has shown his work alongside other well known designers like Zandra Rhodes and the Emmanuels – Princess Diana's favourites. World famous stores, Liberty, Simpsons and Harvey Nichols have set aside a place for Tom Gilbey's collections in their special designer rooms.

















HER HAND GOING TO HIS FLY, CARESSING, GRABBING ATHIM. 'DO IT NOW,' SHE BEGGED

Continued from page 18

red patch on one mahogany cheek. Drugged for sure.

They'd dressed her like an air hostess. Short blue skirt, tight blue jacket. Little hat. But in harsh cloth, so she seemed to be a patient from an asylum, a schoolgirl from a reformatory. Perhaps that was the idea.

Over lunch in the Pullman Minerva, with Kent rolling by outside, Brian studied the uncles. Older than he'd thought. With yellow complexions and fierce moustaches. Yemenis perhaps.

They sat opposite one another, ill at ease under the marketry panelling. With the lace antimacassars frilling out behind their close-cropped heads they looked ridiculous. The lights from the art deco table lights made a nonsense of their thick fingers as they grubbed for their food, baffled by cutlery and napkins. Pigs, but dangerous. And not true sons of Islam. The older one drinking heavily. Double creme de menthes. And the girl, slumped against the window, pathetically small beside her gross minders.

They kept out of sight on the ferry and he didn't pick them up until they reached Boulogne, where the real train awaited

them. The dark blue wagons which would take them to Venice. Uncles and girl went into a double berthed cabin and stayed there.

Brian was drinking Chablis and wondering what the hell to do, when the train crossed the Seine in the shadow of Notre Dame. Paris. He kept watch in case they slipped off at the Gare d'Austerlitz. No sign.

It wasn't until midnight, with the train bucketing across France, that an uncle, the old one, appeared in the bar salon. He ordered creme de menthe and asked the pianist for a tune.

Misty. It was bizarre. Misty played for a drunken Yemeni on a grand piano, on a train, in the night, somewhere towards Switzerland.

Grip On Her Wrist

Three creme de menthes later, Uncle Jasper (Brian had christened them) left to be replaced by Uncle Jake. He sipped wine and looked at his watch very often. It was past one. The pianist was looking weary. The car was almost empty. Then there was a flurry and a cry and uncle Jasper was back, the girl dragging after him, bowed low by his grip on her wrist. Blood spurted from Jasper's eye, his cheek was ripped open. Jake was trying to calm him. As Brian slipped out, the pianist, seeing Jasper back, played Misty for him.

Their cabin was open. Brian walked straight to the washstand cabinet, and half closed the door. He didn't hear them come in. First he knew of it was Jasper's voice rasping almost in his ear.

'On your knees slut and beg pardon for my face.'

The girl's sobbing was so close she must be just outside the door.

'Down or you go under the wheels. Like you jump. Believe me it will be so. You will be womanly with us or die.'

He heard the girl submit. Rage made his head reel. He sat on the marble stand, clenching his fists.

'Now stand in the corner there and remove your coat.' Jasper's voice was thick and oily. There was the sound of something heavy being dragged across the floor. 'Now your blouse. Undo it. Tie it at the back. Expose your breasts. Yes.'

Where was he? Brian pulled the door open quietly. Through the hinges he could see her, in the opposite corner, her back to him. Shaking fingers knotting the white blouse high in the small of her back. Jasper had brought a cabin trunk into the middle of the cabin and was unfastening the straps.

'Bare breasts are good for the discipline of a woman. Now those tights, take them off.'

Jasper had his back to the girl. He didn't look at her as she bent to take her tights down. He gazed into space, smiling straight into Brian's face. Ten minutes went by.

'And now the panties. To your ankles.'

He turned suddenly and brought the strap from the trunk slashing across her arm so it whipped round to slap against her breasts.

'I did not say take them off. Yes. I am going to whip you for tearing my face. I am going to teach you womanly ways.'

• The girl said something Brian could not hear but it made Jasper roar with laughter.

'My master. He will thank me. It will excite him. Now roll up your skirt, tight to your waist.'

He continued to smile at Brian's door as the girl rolled her skirt up over her shiny brown buttocks until it was just a belt around her waist. Jasper waited.

'Now turn around.'

At last he turned to look at her. And Brian saw his handiwork. Her tiny hard breasts framed in white silk with a dark purple line slashed around across one puffy black nipple.

'Come here.'

Slowly, like a child, eyes full of tears, her legs clamped together under her damp black bush, she walked towards him hobbled by her panties. Brian waited. They must both be looking away before he could act.

Jasper walked around her, prodding her insolently. Then, thrusting one hand between her legs from behind, he lifted her and layed her along the trunk, facing away from Brian. He put a strap around her waist. Then he forced her to raise her bottom until the straight legs shook, until the back bent like a bow. Until, at last, the purple lips of her pussy split to show a flash of red.

Then at last he turned and stood still. Gazing at her exposed body, strap raised.

'Up again. Right up,' he said. And stood still. Too long. There are places on a man's neck where a twopenny blow will knock him cold. And others where it will kill. Brian aimed for death, but he was rusty. Jasper dropped like a stone. Alive.

Unstrapped, the girl struggled in Brian's arms. Kissing him, rubbing her crotch against his leg. Her hand going to his fly, caressing his penis. Grabbing at him.

'Do it now,' she begged. 'Make me a whore.'

Brian had to slap her to quieten her. He got her dressed and they fled through the quiet train, looking for an empty cabin. There were none. It had to be his own, dangerous though it was.

She was hysterical. To keep her quiet he had to lie beside her, naked in the damask sheets, and try to take her virginity. He tried, but afraid of every noise, plans running through his head, he couldn't. First stop Lausanne. How long? Perhaps three hours. And what then?

But she had her way in the end. Lying between her legs he found himself erect. She scooped him into her instantly. Pressing hard against him. Bucking her hips,



"Mirror, mirror,
on the wall who's got
the loudest fart of them all?"

AND BRIAN MADE VERY GENTLE FIRST TIME LOVE TO HER SLIM BODY AS THE TRAIN PLOUGHED ON

straining until the tissues moistened and stretched and then, with one heave, she impaled herself upon him

'He can't marry me now,' she said, smiling.

And Brian made very gentle first time love to her slim body as the train ploughed on towards the lakes and mountains. And despite himself he slept. He didn't hear the click of the picked lock or feel the chloroform pad rammed against his face. His sleep just deepened into blackness.

'So you are awake, Mr Calthrop?'

'Where's Monique?'

Uncle Jake was standing beside his bunk. 'She is well, with our friend with the sore neck. Don't worry, he will not touch her again. Come, dress. You are leaving us.'

'Under the wheels?'

'No, you will not die ... here. You will leave the train at Brig. A car has been hired for you. You will drive into the mountains and who knows? Maybe an accident? It is not for me. Others meet us at Brig. Me I would have done as you did, to him. What you did to her is unforgivable. He does not forgive. Come it is almost six.'

'But the girl. She's useless to him now. Let her go.'

'I would like to, but I must deliver her. Once she is on the yacht I have finished. And that is good. This is mean work.'

Brian left the train, tied up in a trunk, with a bump on his head, a farewell present from Uncle Jasper. He saw his minders when they released him in some sort of wood store. They were Arabs, smooth in suits with gold bands on fingers and wrists. It gave him an idea, if Brig hadn't changed.

He was marched to the car hire office to sign papers, a gun in his back. Walking to collect the car they had to pass a line of workmen waiting to start work. As they approached he noticed the nasty looks coming their way. Men spat on the ground.

Hell Let Loose

Brian barged roughly through the queue, hitting men, pushing them out of his way with his suitcase.

'Make way you pigs, make way for the rich Jews.'

It sounded more insulting in German. A man tried to grab him. The Arabs, not understanding, tried to drag him back. A boot struck one of them in the gut. The Arab hit back. And then all hell was let loose.

Brig had not changed. Brian, wriggling out of the mêlée and excusing himself in his excellent German, slipped away. Into the car and off. Towards the Simplon Pass. Towards Italy.

He was high on the pass, wrestling the big car through the hairpin bends, before

the sun came out and the mist dissolved. Up he drove, high above valleys full of red-tiled chalets and cows with bells round their necks. Up through a Swiss postcard, except that the farmers used petrol-driven mowers on their tiny hay fields, not scythes. Progress was slow. There were trucks on the move and an automatic gearbox is a drag on helter-skelter roads.

He first saw the red Alfa about a mile below him, snaking through the foothills. Ten minutes later he saw them up close, about 200 yards away across a twist of road – still half a mile behind, but the pass was almost a spiral staircase here. He knew it was them when the gun flashed three times from an open window.

Brian swore. They would catch him before he reached the top. And then there was the customs post. He had no chance. He stopped on the first straight piece of road. Balanced his suitcase over the accelerator, shut the door, and with a piece of stick pushed the case so it fell on the gas.

The automatic shuddered and screeched away. Straight at the next hairpin. There was a tiny shrine in the way, and beyond it nothing, a great gap down which a spouting river crashed into the valley below.

Brian was hidden inside a woodpile when the car hit the barrier, lurched and sprang into space, taking a crucifix with it. He didn't hear the crash over the noise of the falls.

The Arabs stopped so quick they nearly skidded after it. They got out and stood gazing down the ravine, arguing, shouting. They had to know he was down there. At last one slipped over the edge. Brian waited. The other man waited, smoking cigarettes, occasionally calling down to his friend below.

Quietly Brian got up, walked across the road under cover of the Alfa, opened the passenger door and climbed in. The key was in the lock. There was a gun on the drivers' seat. He aimed it through the quarter light at the Arab's back as he started the engine. The man spun round. His hand went to his pocket and came out with a revolver. Brian fired. It was a big slug. It lifted him up and dropped him over the edge very easily.

Brian looked down, gun raised for the other one. But he wasn't to be seen. And then he counted three arms sticking out from a pile of rock and shale. As he watched the pile shifted and sank into the whirling brown water at the foot of the falls. Time to go.

Daddy's Dollars

Whatever accident they'd planned for him, they had been very careful. He still had his passport and papers. They had taken most of his money, but there were the dollars. 50,000 of them. Big coarse bills in the lining of his coat. Daddy's dollars.

Daddy's dollars had him in Venice by chartered plane at 11 o'clock. By midday he had a launch moored between the gondolas with a wet suit and air tank in the locker. He sat and watched the station entrance from across the Grand Canal, looking for Arabs between the activity of



"I am the genie of the clitoris – your every wish is my command."

Continued on page 56

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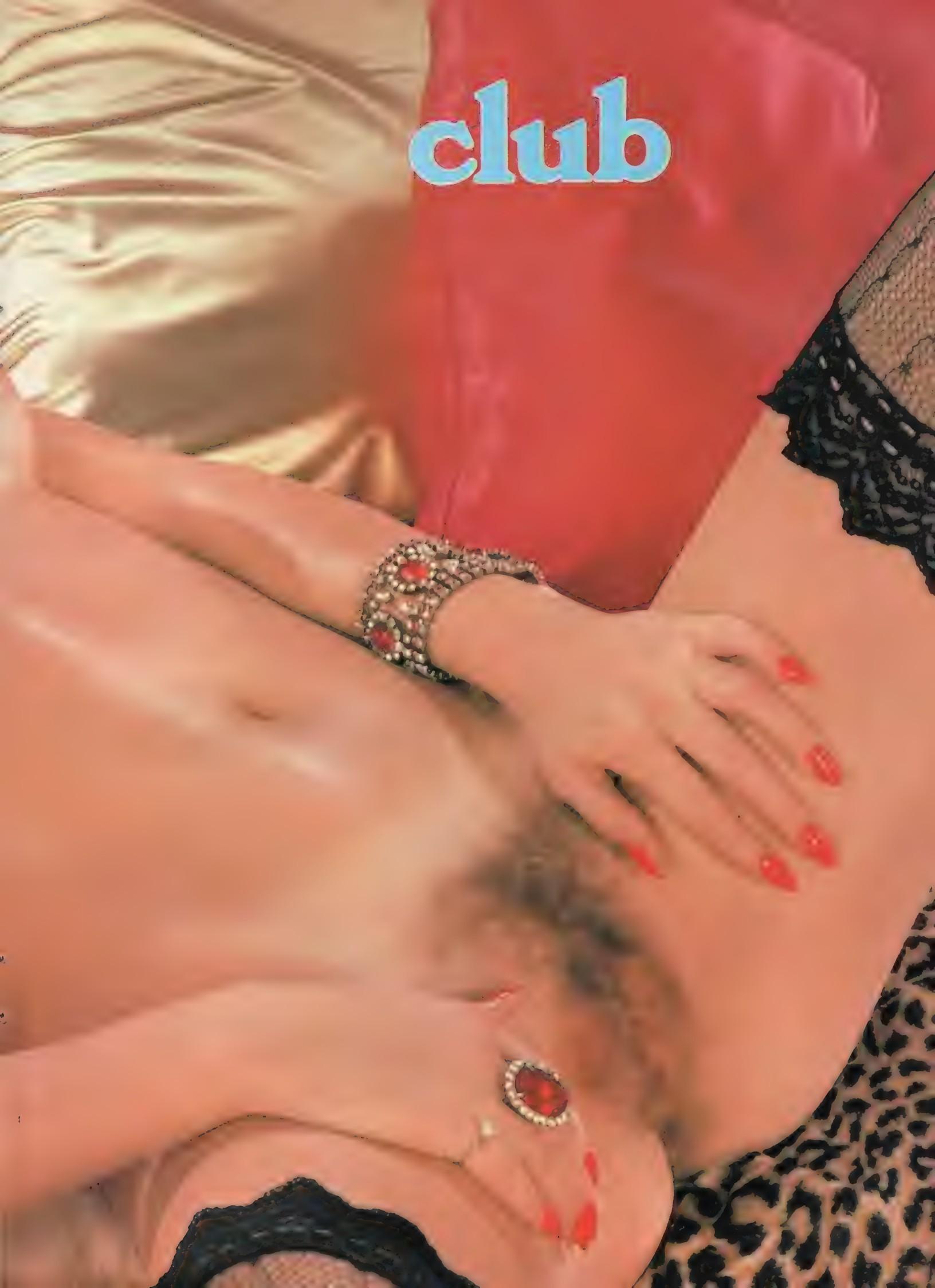
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MAY NOT BE A VIRGIN, BUT ALL WOMEN FEEL LIKE VIRGINS WITH YOU THEY SAY. GIVE HER THE TIME OF HER LIFE

Continued from page 44

water buses and gondolas on the dirty water.

There was a smell of sewage and suntan oil on the breeze. Venice. Almost an hour to wait. He sat in a café and drank iced coffee. All around him the crash of pile drivers as workmen worked on the yellow wedding-cake palaces. Shoring them up, underpinning them, trying to stop the whole splendid nonsense sinking into the sad brown waters of the lagoon.

He was drinking green peppermint after his vermicelli when he saw the girl. In the wheelchair again. She was being pushed by two Arabs in reefer jackets. The uncles were there. But he was relieved to see them take a different launch and leave in a different direction. Back to the airport.

Brian cast off and followed the girl discreetly. This was the hard bit. If the yacht was moored too far away from the bustle of boats around the city he would have problems. But it was easy enough. The Diana was lying to anchor in the lagoon, just off the old piers.

Brian moored, suited up and slipped under the water. He wrapped thirty fathoms of nylon rope around the yacht's propellers and came away. She wasn't going anywhere. He was going to bed. A couple of phone calls to make first though.

It had been dark three hours. Brian had crouched in the chain locker for two of them, stifling in his wet suit. On deck nothing moved. He had watched the yacht

from the shore for an hour and there seemed only to be three men aboard. The two Arabs and a tweed-jacketed European. What the hell to do next? Where to look? He was startled by a sudden roar of rage.

'Get down here all of you.' Right in his ear it seemed. Distorted by the loud speakers.

He opened the locker door and watched the three men scurry aft and down the forward companion way. He waited in case there were more and then followed, gun in hand. A cabin door was swinging open and shut in the slight swell. Peeping through the crack he could see nothing except a massive tank of tropical fish.

'Now see here. Which of you shits has been interfering with this girl!'

It was a public school accent, speaking English with no trace of accent.

There were cringing denials, from the Arabs, expostulations. Oaths. They were cut short. Brian could see the robes and the headcloth of the man distorted through water and weed.

Not Intacta

'I have waited six months for this particular brand-new cunt. It cost me thousands. I get her here. Undress her myself. Bathe her ... myself. And find second hand goods. The blood still on her chemise. Dr Thompson has examined her. Not virgo he says. Not intacta. I am rather cross.'

More denials. The Arabs were afraid of their master.

'Bring her round, Thompson.' It took seven minutes, much slapping, and smell-

ing salts. Brian stood shaking outside the door, his mind reeling. Something was making him sick with fury. And then the girl moaned.

'Now, my dear, listen. I am your legal guardian. And I am disturbed to find that you are no longer a ... nice girl. Who was it? The voice was cold and frightening. Brian checked his magnum and crouched.

'The man on the train, the old one ... I fought him, but ...'

Good thinking.

'Mohammed will be flayed for this. And Aziz. I'll shred the flesh from you all, do you hear me?' His rage choked him. And then his voice was cold again. 'Well, you should have fought harder. You're no good to me. I collect virgins. But maybe the men can amuse me with you. Eh Ahmed? May not be a virgin, but all women feel like virgins with you they say. Give her the fucking of her life, stylishly mind, so I can savour it. No need to be gentle though, she's only fit for a brothel now. Get on with it. A gold ring if you make her pass out. You can join in too, Thompson, if you like. No?'

Rolled Violently

The girl gave a whimper. And then the yacht rolled violently on the wake of a passing ship. The door crashed open and Brian came with it. Putting three slugs into the fish tank.

The shock lasted just long enough. They let her go and she was in control enough to crawl away from them. Brian felled the Arabs with his gun butt and then turned the barrel on the fat robed figure who crawled face down behind his desk amid the flapping fish.

'Hello, Daddy,' said Brian. 'Better start picking up the poor bloody fish.'

The full story of Sir William Bartlett's fantasy life, though written and illustrated with photographs of his palace, his slaves, his eunuchs, and some of the hundreds of virgins who had passed under his obese body, was never published.

Instead it lay in the vaults of various banks. With a covering letter. The reason for this being the transfer of some millions of dollars, the yacht Diana, two light aircraft and a helicopter, to Brian Calthrop, Chairman of Freelances Ltd. A new company.

The worst bit had been the sleepless night and day on board the Diana with the four of them chained in the bilges and just Monique to help him. After Terry, Rick and Tim joined them it was easy.

Three months of legal haggling later and it was all sewn up. They dumped Daddy in Athens and set sail. Brian and his friends from the old days. It was going to be fun. Of course there was the girl. She slept in his arms, her breasts bouncing to the shoulder-rolling of sea on weather bow. What to do with her? She was a lovely girl. She loved him passionately. But now she was safe he was losing interest in her.

Brian smiled. His fantasies were as bad as Daddy's. Him Arab Sheikh. Brian Sir Galahad. He'd have to sort something out when they reached port. It was all down in the log, this voyage. Departure time, course and destination.

Somewhere interesting. ♣



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The Manchester Mauler, Big Bertha, Luscious Lil and Tracy The Terrible are the stars of Club's first Event held at G's Entertainment Complex in Crewe. The girls, known as the J Team, make regular appearances in the north of England but their promoter, Kevin Webb, tells us that clubs and pubs in the south are now clamouring for their services. The sales of jelly have rocketed, and reports are reaching us that supplies are short in some areas. "We may have to change over to yogurt wrestling," says Kevin. The mind boggles.







If you are planning a fun evening, why not ask Paul along with his camera? Send your invitations to Paul Diamond, Club Event, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

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LIFE WITH Linzi

continued from page 32

appear into the loo and take a cold shower! No sex please, this is political!

A lot of people ask me about these trips we models go on. They always think they're just an excuse to screw. Well they're not really. Some do – some don't. Models and photographers often have platonic relationships or they have a good old fling!

I had such a fling a couple of years ago, whilst being photographed in the Bahamas, with a very sexy photographer who was also French. When I returned to London and told my flatmate at the time, Marie, about my trip, I wasn't really surprised to hear that when she'd gone away to the South of France with the same guy, the same old seduction tricks were used to get her into his bed! Not that either of us were complaining – he was gorgeous!

Last month was really a bit hectic. I played an Eastern harem beauty at a petrol station on the south coast. I was the prize for the motorist taking their millionth gallon away. It was all part of the *Noel Edmonds Late Late Breakfast Show* on BBC1. Out came Noel, dressed as the



'Sheik' who owned the place, followed by me, dressed in a very exotic eastern costume. I wore a half cup push-up bra covered in jewels, and a G-string with a chiffon veil attached.

I got into his car and the 'Sheik' explained to the happy motorist that I was his to do what he wished with.

Hot Pursuit

'Right,' said the bloke and drove off, hotly pursued by 'Sheik Noel' in his Ford Granada. We went at 70 or 80mph all through Gosport and pulled up outside the bloke's house, where he took me in and introduced me to his wife! I don't

know which one of us was more amazed.

I was at the Earls Court Boat Show last year, working for some exhibitors whose stand was well tucked away from the photographers on press day. No one was really taking much notice of us at all, until I slipped down one of the straps of my candy-striped one-piece swimsuit and let a boob fall out. You should have seen the rush! In less than 10 seconds we were surrounded. You can pose in a skin-tight, one-piece swimsuit, looking like a million dollars, and no one will take much notice these days, but go topless . . . stand aside or get killed in the rush!

The most amusing assignment I was given last month was a 'stripogram' (like a kissogram but naughtier!). An English banker was being promoted to an American branch of his bank and was interviewing for a secretary to go with him. A witty friend of his, already transferred to the American branch, set up this little prank for him. I was to be interviewed for the job as secretary, dressed provocatively and wearing Dior silk stockings, as apparently this guy had a bit of a fetish for them.

Silk Stockings

I was to meet him at a gentlemen's club in Pall Mall. I played the straight secretary type sitting opposite him, but kept wriggling my legs about so he could hear the rustling sound of my silk stockings. This guy directed all his questions at my legs! I was amazed. He started off sitting a good three feet from me and very soon we were rubbing knees. I thought I'd better get this over with before he offers me the job! So I pushed him out of the way, stood up and seductively stripped out of my dress, and then took off my lacy bra, leaving my silk stockings, suspenders and a very skimpy G-string.

This guy still thought it was for real, and was positively drooling. I gave him a quick kiss and handed him his card, with a message from his witty friend. He seemed terribly disappointed and didn't really see the funny side of it at all. Then with glazed eyes he got out his wallet – so I fled.

He stood watching me get dressed, then took me to the street and watched me for a full three or four minutes till I disappeared out of Pall Mall. The girl who becomes his secretary had better wear tights, if she wants to get any work done!

Please write and tell me about yourselves, and your love lives. And in return I'll let you know when I've been on the loose too. No heavy letters please, just down to earth, honest to goodness, vulgar fun! So write to me if you've anything amusing to say.

So till next month, keep it up.

Linzi

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DEBRA















The three shots on the left come straight off Rick W and feature the delightfully sassy little teacup in July. Lisa Losi's very proud of her first show and looks like it's coming right on time.

These pages are available for you to show off any object dear to your heart. We pay £25 for each entry published, irrespective of the number of photographs, on receipt of an invoice or claim. We cannot guarantee return of pictures.



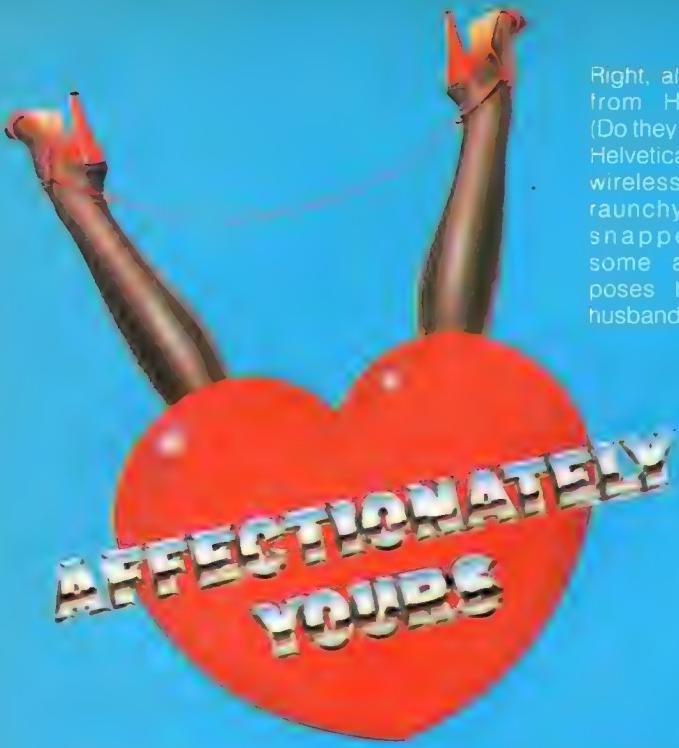
D.M. features in these three studies of a girl who has had a very special week in her heart. She goes by the name Michelle and works in an office on the 3rd floor of W.W.W. It's the only way to be a working assistant, I tell you.





Photo by: **John**
The author's mother
and grandmother
are both very patriotic.
She wanted to honor
them during the
Memorial Day weekend.

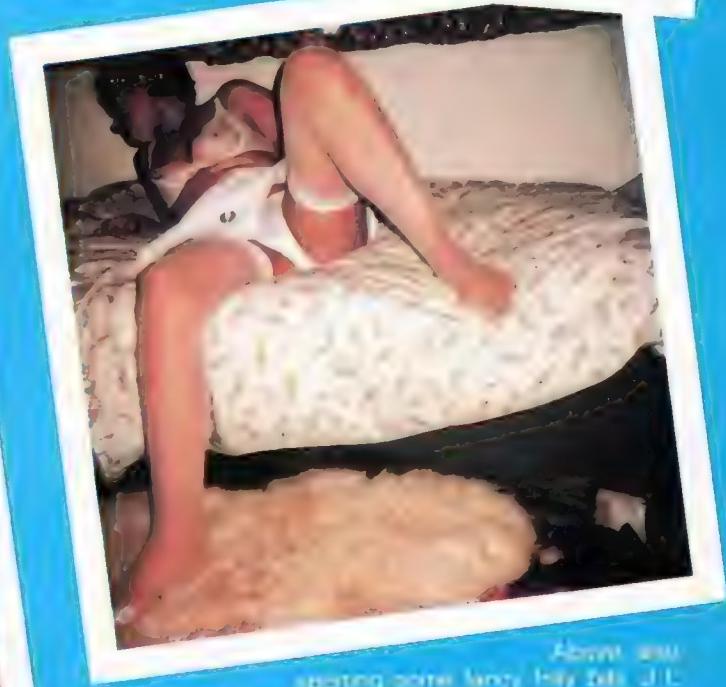
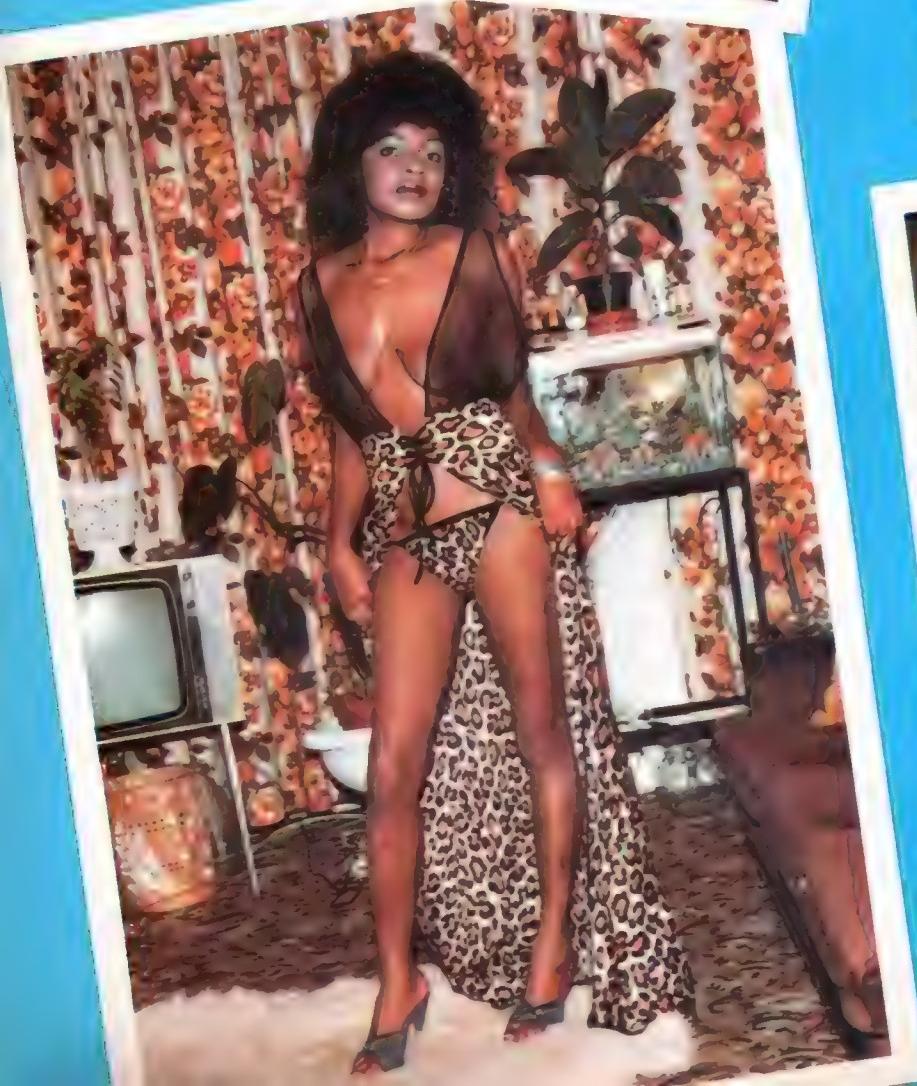




Right, all the way from Helvetica (Do they still have Helvetica on the wireless? Ed.) raunchy Ruth snapped in some alluring poses by her husband P H

Below, the delightful charms of Rose, a 19-year-old dancer/entertainer. The photos were shot and submitted by her friend Wizard. That explains the magic marking – or does it?





Above and
sporting some fancy floss sets, J.L.
Limon's wife, the drop-dead-mom from *Hard Candy*.

Left, over-falling J. Dolittle's London tan with
shorts which speak for themselves, and home very
good friends.

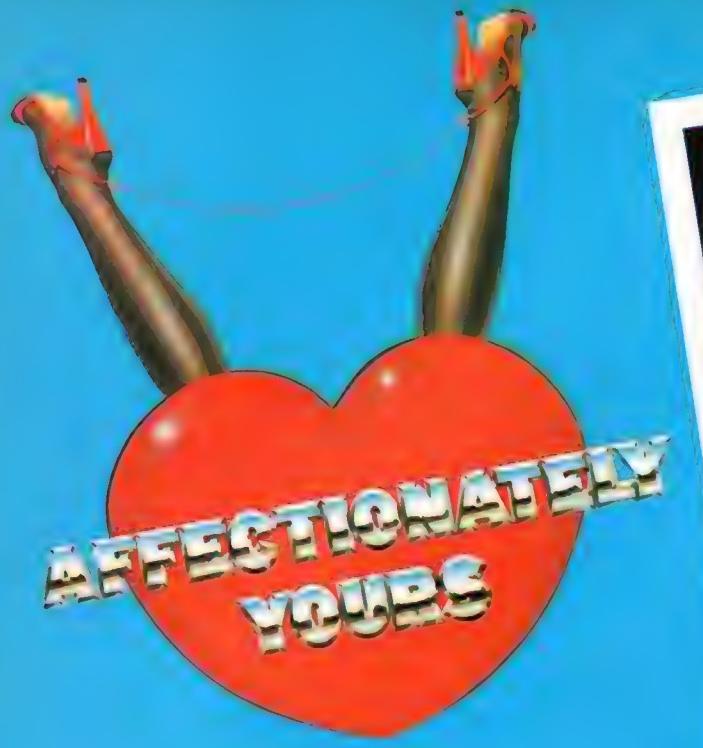
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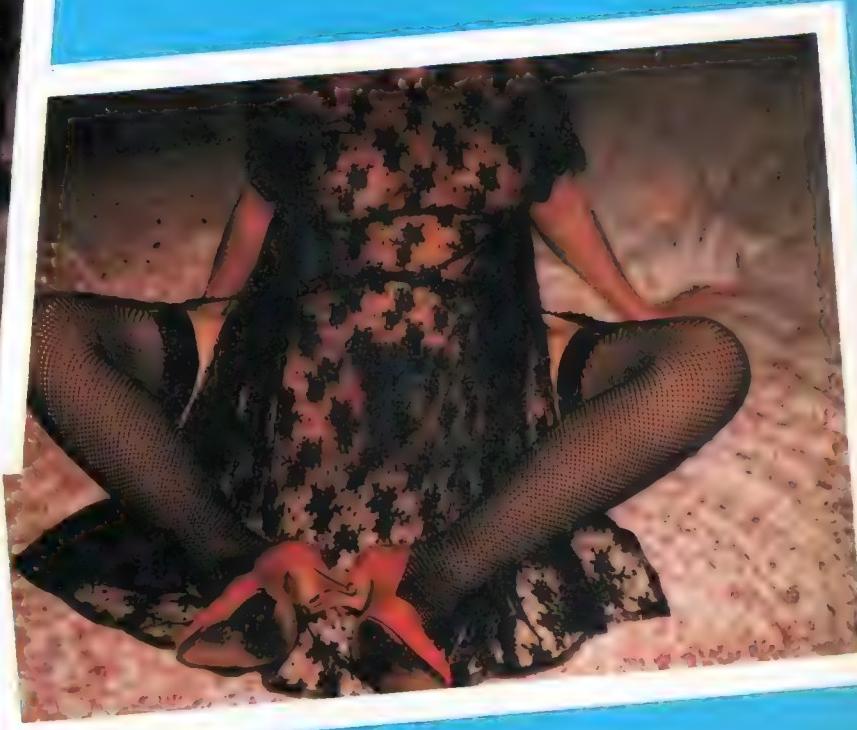


Cu.
Dressed with a smile,
nude, she's all the better. Photo: Alan Mays
Photo credit: Alan Mays





[Below Left] Even more seductive than the bikini, this sheer bikini from Shapewear (www.shapewear.com) is a great alternative to the plain bikini.



Even more seductive than the bikini, this sheer bikini from Shapewear (www.shapewear.com) is a great alternative to the plain bikini.



WOMEN'S Whites

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

I grew up with my family in a house just off the Kings Road, Chelsea – the Embankment side – so all my life I've been used to seeing very rich men about, and ever since I can remember, I wanted to be seduced by one of them. I always like making these men notice me. I would sidle past them as they emerged from their sports cars or Rolls Royces and force them to acknowledge me and make some remark about how pretty or well dressed I was.

They excited me and my imagination would run riot after these brief encounters, picturing myself along with them running naked in exotic surroundings. But although some of them went as far as inviting me to tea or dinner, I could never get them to seduce me – however much I reclined on their sofas and stuck my breasts out.

A Real Man

So when I turned 18 recently I was still virgo intacta. I had resisted all the fumbling attempts of boys my own age, if their slobbering approaches needed any resisting. So, while my friends yielded to almost anything that came along to get sexual experience, I just used to lie on my bed fantasising about a real man who would show me what it was all about properly.

I had no doubt that I would



'My hand gently pulled the belt loose exposing my ivory front to me in the mirror, then slipped down over the flesh of my belly until it reached the silky mink of my pubic mound.'

love sex and be a very good performer in a short period of time, but it was just a matter of starting off on the right tracks.

Men always notice me. There's every good reason why they should. I am very good looking with blonde, curly hair

and blue eyes. And my figure is very much the right side of perfect – firm, upward pointing 36-inch breasts (and a narrow back), tiny waist, flaring hips which curve voluptuously into long shapely legs. And what's more, I know it – an awareness

which always makes a girl about twice as attractive as she already is.

I arrived home one afternoon to find a bunch of roses, with an invitation from an anonymous admirer to a drinks party, on the table in the hall. The address was in Flood Street, so I accepted the invitation and hoped this would be a chance to satisfy my sexual cravings.

On the day I could think of nothing but sex. It was worse than ever. I felt that if my sexual urges weren't satisfied soon I would go mad. The urge to get a man between my legs was overwhelming.

I met a friend, Nicola, for lunch at an Italian place on the Fulham Road. I barely paid any attention to her revelations about 'sweet little Simon' turning out to be into bondage after all and what a turn on it was. Even when I found a caterpillar in my broccoli it reminded me of nothing so much as a penis and I had an overwhelming desire to pop it between my lips.

Silky Mink

I left Nicola and went home to get ready at about four o'clock, which left me plenty of time to make myself look as stunning as possible that evening.

I pondered over my wardrobe indecisively, fingering the fabric of my silk amaranth dressing gown. Its smooth softness against my skin stimulated me. My hand gently pulled the belt loose exposing my ivory front to me in the mirror, then slipped down over the flesh of my belly until it reached the silky mink of my pubic mound. I backed towards my bed, my fingertips probing and sliding easily to and fro across the velvety white wetness at the entrance of my lusting young quim.

I eased myself back into the plump duvet and spread my legs wide apart, one hand caressing the inside of my thigh while the other massaged softly at my swelling clitoris. The rotating of my fingertips triggered off an exquisite pulsing deep inside my cunt which sent milky fluid streaming to drop unhindered onto the bed. My nipples were as hard and stiff as small pebbles and stood out from my soft breasts like buttons.

Fragrant sweat broke on the surface of my skin as the pumping feeling grew more intense and my buttocks raised off the bed, muscles taut, as I yielded my whole body to the sensation

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WOMEN'S Writes

of orgasm which I had induced in myself. Finally I relaxed back on to the bed, still longing for the real thing but at least for the time being I could concentrate on getting myself ready for the evening.

I went off to the bathroom to wash and then got dressed. Since I was a virgin I decided I would dress like one. So I put on a white satin mini dress with a low front, and high heeled white leather boots over a white lacy corset with white seamed stockings and suspenders which the hem of my dress just covered.

Sexy Bitch

Before I went out I bent over in front of the mirror to make sure that no more than an enticing view of my stocking tops would be visible when I stooped to get myself a drink or something to eat. Then I pulled on a fur coat and set off for the party.

I rang the bell, hoping that I'd been given the right address as I couldn't hear any sign of a party. The door opened and in front of me was a tall, very good looking man, with deep blue eyes and dark hair. He was casually dressed in just shirt sleeves, slacks and loafer shoes.

From what I could see the house was completely empty except for him – and dimly lit.

'I haven't come on the wrong night, have I?' I asked, as I walked through to the drawing room and took my coat off.

'Not at all. Tonight's the night,' he said as he took my coat and went to hang it up.

When he came back into the room I looked at him more closely. He was my cup of tea all right. Long slim legs, flat stomach and strong broad shoulders. I could see from the look in his eyes that he was looking me over with equal feelings of satisfaction.

He sat down beside me on the sofa and put his arm on the back of it behind my head. I relaxed towards him so I could feel the warmth of his body and catch the scent of his aftershave. My eyes wandered down to the crotch of his trousers, where a huge bulge told me all my desires would be satisfied tonight, although maybe earlier than I'd expected.

'You're so beautiful, Candace,' he said. His hand was on the bare top of my back now and a tingling sensation ran from the top of my spine to the cheeks of my bottom and my cunt was on fire with desire. My breathing grew more heavy and my breasts moved up and down more visibly under my dress.

He put his other hand on my

leg and squeezed it softly just above my knee. Then it began to wander upwards until he reached the hem of my dress. Then slightly lifting it, his hand slid underneath and came into contact with bare skin. His eyes lit up.

'You sexy bitch. Take your dress off.' He leaned back as I stood up to do as he asked. He gasped when I pulled my dress up over my head to reveal my lacy white underwear and then let it drop on the floor next to me. I still had my boots on. I stood in front of him on a zebra skin rug in the middle of the room.

He stood up and came towards me. Suddenly his arms were around me and his pelvis was pressed hard against my stomach. He clutched my hair and pulled my head back and forced his tongue between my moist, parted lips. My love juice was flowing wildly and I could feel the wetness being absorbed in the gusset of my panties. I wrapped one leg around his and rubbed my fanny against it.

Somehow he eased me on to the floor, kissing me all the time. We knelt in front of each other and he undid his trousers and revealed the most enormous cock. I never imagined a penis was so large. It was hard and rigid and veins stood out purple along the shaft.

Bulging Pole

'Take it in your mouth. Suck it,' he murmured pressing my head down towards the tip of his prick where a transparent drop of lube was suspended. I stuck the tip of my tongue at the very point where the juice was coming from and wiggled it to and fro over the hole. With a thrust he plunged the whole length of his stiff cock into my mouth and down into my throat. I closed my lips round the bulging pole and moved my lips up and down its length, swirling my tongue around its circumference.

He reached down and fumbled with the knot at the top of my corset. He managed to undo it and pulled the front apart, releasing my bouncy white tits. He ran a caressing hand over them and squeezed and rubbed the nipples between thumb and forefinger.

He pushed my head back from his penis and said: 'I want to taste your sweet little fanny. He lay down on his back, took off my knickers and manoeuvred me so that we were in

the 69 position with me on top. I resumed the task of massaging his pulsing prong with my mouth, at the same time cupping his balls in my hands and gently rubbing them together, but this time felt his long tongue lashing at my pussy, lapping up the torrent of salty love fluid which was pouring out of it.

Every Thrust

'I need to get this up into me,' I said, lifting my head, but holding the beautiful specimen of manhood and running my scarlet fingernails up and down the shaft. 'I've never had a cock up me before and I need one now.'

Obviously the idea of being the first there excited him to fever pitch. A new wave of strength surged over him and he pushed me off him and then pinned me down on the floor and crouched above me. He reached up and grabbed a cushion from the sofa and placed it underneath my bottom.

'That's so this isn't too hard on your cute little butt,' he whispered. Then he parted my legs and lifted them up in the crook of his arms. His prick was aimed at my longing pussy just right.

The knob at the end parted my outer lips. Then gradually its whole length forced the sides of my love tunnel apart, and with a thrust he broke through the final barrier. My muscles clenched round it and wanted to hold it there, but his pelvis began to move faster and faster up and down, every thrust plying the sides of my vagina apart. The walls of my cunt moulded tightly round the sides of his pounding member.

I began to gasp as I felt the same feelings my hands had produced earlier in the day, causing my body to convulse and buck, striving to get this man deeper inside my body. His breathing changed too, and he began to groan and shove the iron rod with ever increasing force until I felt a hot wetness that wasn't mine.

I relaxed underneath him, satisfied at last. And that was just the beginning. I stayed with him that night and we made love in every conceivable position well into the early hours of the morning. I felt insatiable until I finally fell asleep between the sheets of his large double bed upstairs thinking that I had to phone Nicola the next day to tell her all about it.

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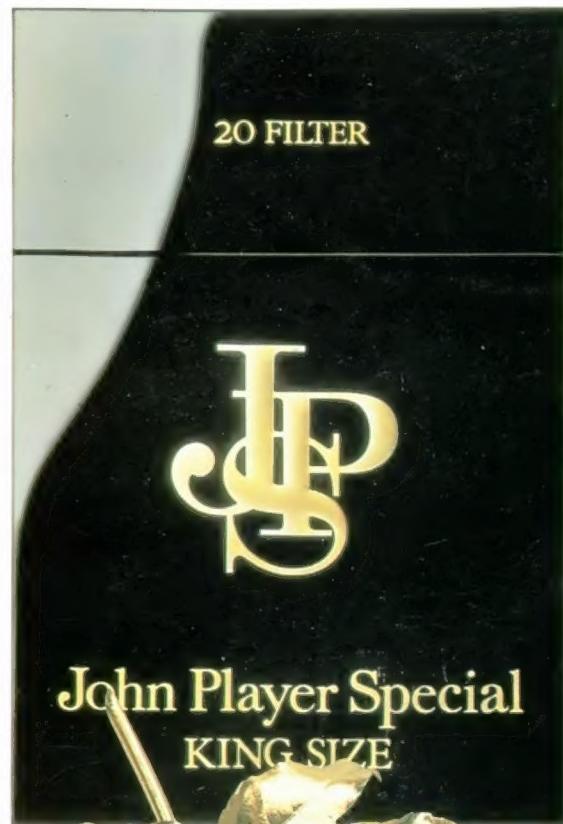
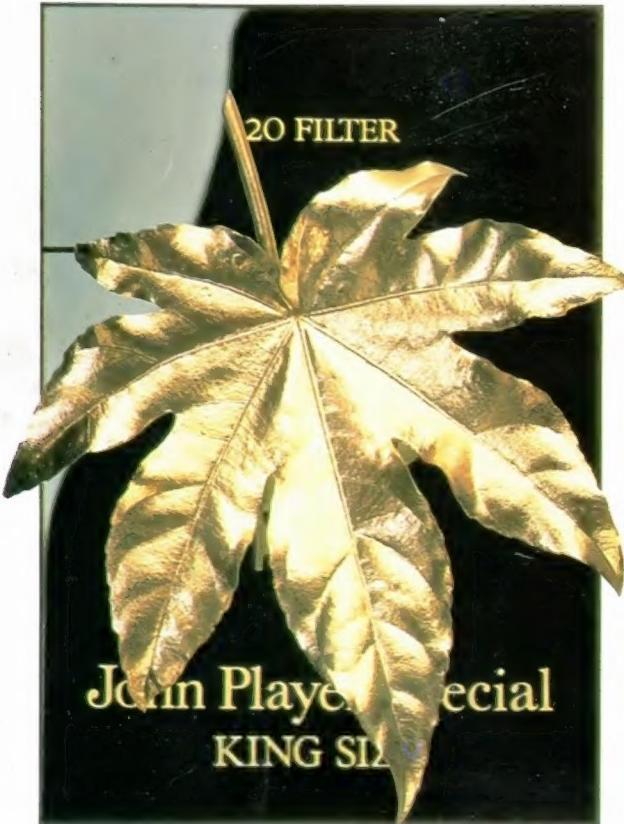
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